

Disciples 361

Chapter 361 Looking Northwest, Shooting the Wolf in the Sky

Lu Zhou studied the mount. Where had he seen it before? Its aura felt very familiar.

Although Hua Yuexing was slightly ashamed of her skills, she was not discouraged when she saw Shan Yunzheng making such a huge effort to attack the mount. She pulled on her energy bow again and launched a fresh volley of arrows at the mount. When she first joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, Lu Zhou had trained her in the Quick Condensation method. Hence, she was exceptionally quick in firing her arrows. She was so fast that it made the hairs of the others stand on end. Perhaps, it was due to Shan Yunzheng's presence and Shan Yunzheng banishing her from the sect, her competitive streak came out at this moment.

Han Yuexing's eyes gleamed determinedly as she fired in succession. 'Although I can't compare to you in might and precision, or even the locking of aura, I'm sure that there's something that I'm better at than you.'

Energy arrows were clenched between her fingers. She pulled back on the bowstring...

Twang! Twang! Twang!

Her shots flew toward the mount in the skies. An archer's advantage was not only in long-range attacks. The precision of an archer could add to their deadliness as well. They were not like the ballistae on castle walls or the ordinary bows used by soldiers. Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivators could form energy bow and arrows. The bursts of energy arrows fired by an energy bow were much more powerful than pure energy blades. Arrows had a wider reach and a quicker speed.

Hua Yuexing could fire three energy arrows at once. She clenched them between her fingers and let loose. Three consecutive shots were the limit for her Two-leaf stage. In other words, she could fire nine energy arrows. However, having cultivated the Quick Condensation method, she could fire four to five consecutive shots in one breath within an extremely short span of time. Originally, this speed could only be achieved by Godly Archers at the Five-leaf stage and beyond.

Initially, Shan Yunzheng did not notice it. When she realized there seemed to be a display of fireworks beside her, she glanced in its direction. She felt shocked at the sight. 'How can this young girl be this quick?'

The continuous shots were not completely useless. The mount was starting to wail in pain after taking multiple hits from the arrows on its thick hide. Its cries resounded throughout Golden Court Mountain.

Lu Zhou looked at the poisonous gas in the sky. He said, "Elder Hua, Six Compatible Seal."

Hua Wudao nodded and took a step forward... When his foot touched the ground, an Eight Trigrams appeared under his feet. Six scripts emerged from his body. Then, the remaining three scripts materialized out of thin air. The nine great scripts; heaven, earth, life, death, water, fire, being, non-being, and separation spread out. With Hua Wudao at the center, the Six Compatible Seal expanded outward. It immediately formed a thin screen that grew in size. This move was not used for defense. Instead, it was meant to scatter the poisonous gas.

Like an ever-expanding bubble, the poisonous purple gas was pushed by the Six Compatible Seal toward the horizons.

Roar!

The mount wailed in anger when it saw the poisonous gas being pushed away. Its frenzied state seemed to intensify. It did three laps in the air as it roared fiercely and blew out another wave of poisonous gas downward.

“Master, send Bi An out to deal with it!” Little Yuan’er who was nearby pointed at the mount with one hand while the other hand rested on her hip. It had to be said that her suggestion was a good one. Bi An should not have a problem dealing with that beast.

Lu Zhou was just about to summon Bi An when Shan Yunzheng shouted and leaped into the air. She hovered a few meters in the air with a sharp look in her eyes. “Livestock!” She conjured up an arrow. The bow in her hand was as thick as a city wall ballista. The tip of the energy arrow seemed to be glowing red with heat.

The others were also shocked when they saw this energy arrow.

This showed that her Six-leaf cultivation base was genuine since she could conjure up an energy arrow like that.

Shan Yunzheng loosened her fingers.

Boom!

The energy arrow sailed in the air...

Perhaps, the beast sensed the threat. It immediately stopped spewing the poisonous gas and turned around to flee. If the beast got far enough, no cultivator would be able to catch up to it.

Fortunately, the energy arrow was already upon it.

Bam!

The shot landed true on the mount.

Roar!

The mount felt a jolt of pain and began to howl. Its energy scattered. “Just how shocking is this mount’s defensive power?” Hua Wudao exclaimed in wonder.

Shan Yunzheng had practically placed all her power behind that energy arrow. Yet, all she managed to do was scratch the mount, not kill

it.

Shan Yunzheng was at her wit’s end. She knew that she had to kill the mount to prove that the Luo Sect did not set this up. She descended and cupped her fists at Lu Zhou and said, “Please lend me the weapon, Pavilion Master!” She was tactful and used the word ‘lend’. Clearly, she wanted to borrow the Falling Moon Bow.

With the Falling Moon Bow, her range would be extended, and the might of her attacks would intensify. The speed of her arrows would become more terrifyingly fast as well.

Alas, Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "Someone's controlling this mount."

The mount was circling above them in the sky. Since it had experienced that powerful attack. It seemed to realize the attack was not able to kill it. Therefore, it began spewing poisonous gas again from the distance.

The wind carried the poisonous gas toward the Evil Sky Pavilion again.

"No wonder it's so cunning. As it turns out, someone's controlling it!" Pan Zhong exclaimed in surprise.

Shan Yunzheng frowned and said, "Elder Lu, how's that possible?"

"This mount's name is Ba Wu. It's the mount of the senior brother of the Lou Lan elite, Mo Li. I fought against it once on the Lotus Dais."

Mingshi Yin, Duanmu Sheng, and Little Yuan'er had some recollections of the deep growl they heard on the Lotus Dais. They were shocked by their master's revelation.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he looked at the mount, Ba Wu, in the skies. This mount was capable of withstanding a blast from the Blue Lotus's energy. Indeed, its defensive powers were shocking. It might not be the best idea to summon Bi An. With someone controlling it, Ba Wu was just like a human. It might even cast spells. "Pavilion Master, please lend me the weapon," Shan Yunzheng said urgently.

Lu Zhou tossed the weapon over and said, "The Luo Sect should take care of its own mess." In truth, he wanted to see just how powerful Ba Wu's defenses were. He wanted to determine just how much of the Heavenly Writing power he would need to use to kill it. If that was not feasible, he would consider using the Deadly Strike Card.

Shan Yunzheng was clearly more confident now that the Falling Moon Bow was in her hand. She shot into the air again, holding the Falling Moon Bow in her left hand. Layers of energy wrapped around the Falling Moon Bow. It seemed to be covered in a layer of golden light. With the golden light, the dainty Falling Moon Bow seemed to have increased in size. The energy bow that was superimposed on the physical bow was as tall as Shan Yunzheng.

Shortly after, the Falling Moon Bow buzzed.

Shan Yunzheng pulled on the bowstring with the fingers of her right hand. A more powerful energy arrow materialized. This was a Six-leaf Godly Archer.

Everyone's attention was on her arrow.

Hua Yuexing was fixated on it as well. She gave up on firing her shots. No matter how great she performed, she could not compare to Shan Yunzheng with the Falling Moon Bow.

The atmosphere was tense.

Shan Yunzheng held her breath and focused. Her sharp eyes were locked on the circling Ba Wu. Her energy arrow was completely formed.

Bam!

She loosened her fingers.

The Falling Moon Bow gave a distinct twang.

As the bow sang, the energy arrow shot toward its target.

Ba Wu sensed a threat just like it had moments ago. It suddenly stopped and made a unique move. It curled up on itself like a porcupine. Its hairs stood on end.

Bam!

Energy scattered everywhere.

The energy arrow hit Ba Wu. A wail resounded across the skies.

The purple energy was visibly scattering from Ba Wu's body.

"It's hurt," Pan Zhong said.

"Unfortunately, it's not dead. It intends on running away!"

Ba Wu was frightened now. It did not expect a powerful Godly Archer to be present on Golden Court Mountain. Its master seemed to have changed his original plan. It turned tail and ran away at top speed.

Shan Yunzheng was dissatisfied with her shot. In her opinion, even if that shot did not kill Ba Wu, it should have dealt a heavy damage to it. She pulled on her bow again, firing another energy arrow.

Bam!

Ba Wu was too far away. When the arrow landed on its target again, it clearly packed less of a punch than the previous hit.

"Livestock!" Shan Yunzheng was feeling pressured. The more flustered she was, the more difficult it was for her to unleash her strength. Her aura and utilization of Primal Qi became chaotic and lost their rhythm.

"This is bad. It's getting away."

Ba Wu was hurt. It was sprinting away wildly on purple clouds.

Shan Yunzheng shook her head helplessly. However, she felt slightly relieved as well. So long as the livestock stopped releasing poison and caused a commotion in the Evil Sky Pavilion, she still had a chance to salvage the situation. She looked at Ba Wu's retreating back and said, "This mount is extraordinary. Please take that into consideration, Pavilion Master."

"Since when did the Luo Sect collude with the people of Lou Lan?" Lu Zhou raised his hand slightly. With a surge of energy, the Falling Moon Bow broke free of Shan Yunzheng's grasp and returned to Lu Zhou's hand.

Shan Yunzheng was, naturally, reluctant to part with it... At the same time, Lu Zhou flew into the air. His movements were not quick. In fact, they could be considered as insignificant.

“What’s the pavilion master trying to do?”

The others were looking at Lu Zhou with anticipation.

Lu Zhou wielded the Falling Moon Bow with his left hand. He looked in the northwestern direction...

The Falling Moon Bow shook.

Chapter 362 Undetermined

Lu Zhou’s eyes were as bright as a raging flame. He looked at Ba Wu that looked like it was the size of a palm as it flew further and further away, growing smaller with each passing second. He raised the Falling Moon Bow with his left hand as the sutra of the Heavenly Writing’s third power surfaced in his mind.

Originating from nothing, but at the same time, it comes from everything. Living in samsara and learning from it. This was the power of past lives!

When the Heavenly Writing’s extraordinary power surged, the space between his fingers began to emit a faint blue radiance.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion who had seen Lu Zhou using this power before could not help but feel excited.

Shan Yunzheng looked on with a complicated gaze. She was an extremely skilled archer. To her knowledge, at this distance, with the mount making a wild dash away, it was definitely out of shooting range. Let alone kill it, it was almost impossible to hit it. She shook her head.

At this moment, the Falling Moon Bow shook more violently.

Ba Wu was only the size of a bean now. In a few more breaths, it would completely vanish in the horizons.

Lu Zhou placed his right hand on the bowstring. He closed his eyes for a moment before he opened them again! A blue energy arrow materialized between his index and middle fingers.

Shan Yunzheng’s eyes widened. She felt fear creep into her heart. ‘Why does this energy arrow look exactly like mine?’ This was a condensation method that she had personally created. She had never taught anyone this skill. How was this possible? She was in disbelief. There was only one possibility; when she had used the skill earlier, Lu Zhou had seen her and learned it immediately! She was in awe despite herself.

“Meteor After the Moon?” Shan Yunzheng uttered the name of the skill as she looked at the energy arrow. She named the skill ‘Meteor After the Moon’. As the name suggested, it was like a meteor chasing after the moon when it was fired. Moreover, it complemented the Falling Moon Bow as well.

Whizz!

The Falling Moon Bow’s string moved. The blue energy that shrouded the Falling Moon Bow intensified and grew in size. It was now twice the height of a man! A supersized bow and arrow were formed!

now

The others were shocked.

However, Shan Yunzheng noticed that the energy arrow seemed slimmer. "An improvement?" She wondered how Lu Zhou had improved it when she heard a loud noise.

Lu Zhou had unleashed the Meteor After the Moon.

At this moment, everyone's attention was focused on the attack.

The blue energy arrow was like a meteor in the air as it shot toward Ba Wu that seemed like it was the size of a sesame seed. Could the arrow hit it at this distance?

The energy arrow shot out with a terrifying speed.

Everyone held their breaths as they stared unblinkingly at the energy arrow. Their heads turned from the right to the left as they followed the arrow's trajectory.

On land, the commoners who were working the fields, the occasional passerby cultivators, and the other cultivators flying at a low altitude, were also attracted by the unique sound. All of them looked up at the energy arrow.

"What's that?"

"Something flew out of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Strange."

"Let's not trouble ourselves with that. Anything can fly out of the Evil Sky Pavilion these days..."

The commoners were smart. They did not treat the Evil Sky Pavilion like an enemy. Therefore, they lived a peaceful life cultivating the fertile soil around the Evil Sky Pavilion. To them, evil was a subjective thing. They did not draw a distinct line between the Noble and Fiend Paths. Anything that did not cause them harm, they did not consider as evil. Most of them were already used to the Evil Sky Pavilion. Watching the happening in the pavilion had become the norm.

In order to get a better look, Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, Little Yuan'er, and the others rose into the skies and gazed into the distance.

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng were also hovering in midair.

Due to their curiosities, Hua Wudao, Hua Yuexing, and Shan Yunzheng rose into the air as well.

A brilliant scene greeted their eyes.

The energy arrow exploded like a firework in the distance, and a blast of purple gas emerged. Perhaps, it was too far away, they only heard the noise seconds later.

Bam!

The sound was brief and muffled.

"It's a hit!"

"Your might knows no bounds, master!"

"No way... Really?"

Shocked, amazement, disbelief. Shan Yunzheng trembled. She was a Six-leaf Godly Archer, after all. When she saw that Ba Wu was already a huge distance away, she was convinced it would be impossible to hit it. However, facts spoke louder than words. The energy arrow Lu Zhou had fired had hit Ba Wu against her expectation.

The purple rippled into the surroundings. It lingered for a while before it finally disappeared.

“Ding! Killed a mount. Reward: 1,500 merit points.”

Lu Zhou was pleasantly surprised to be rewarded for killing a mount. However, his expression remained unchanged as the faintly blue energy disappeared. He gauged his remaining Heavenly Writing power. He had used about one-third of it. This burst of energy that used one-third of the extraordinary power was nowhere near as powerful as the burst of energy on the Lotus Dais. Based on this, he speculated that the amount of energy he could store would only allow him to fire three shots of energy. Naturally, if his opponent was too powerful, he could unleash all of the energy in one go. Finally, he ordered, “Retrieve the body!”

Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, hastily replied in a loud voice, “I’ll do it... Don’t move, everyone!”

The others looked at Zhu Honggong in confusion, wondering what he was up to.

“How could I allow my fellow disciples to undertake such a menial task? Allow me to go... You may not know this, but mounts like that one are especially filthy. Their hides are coarse, and their flesh is thick. They’re heavy as well.”

The others nodded.

‘Old Eighth, way to go.’ ‘Mister Eighth is really flexible.’

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. “Go, then. Be careful of the witchcraft spell.”

Zhu Honggong rose into the air. He unleashed his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar and flew toward the spot where Ba Wu crashed.

Meanwhile, inside a certain dark room.

Puh!

Ba Ma’s eyes snapped open. He spat a mouthful of blood onto the floor.

“Impossible!”

He had been controlling his mount remotely. It was akin to him being one with his mount. When his mount died, he, naturally, suffered a backlash. This was the shortcoming of witchcraft.

At this moment, an incredulous expression could be seen on Ba Ma’s face. He had been planning this for a long time. With this move, he could attack the Evil Sky Pavilion and drive a wedge between the Luo Sect and the Evil Sky Pavilion. It was a win-win situation. However, it seemed like he had grossly underestimated the Evil Sky Pavilion’s strength.

Ba Ma lifted his hand and pressed his chest. A hint of disbelief could be heard in his voice as he muttered to himself, "It's impossible for Shan Yunzheng to be this powerful! How did she do it?"

He knew about Ba Wu's defensive strengths better than anyone else. Even a Seven or Eight-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation elite could not say for sure they could kill Ba Wu in such a short time. Moreover, he had seen Ba Wu fleeing at an exceptional speed earlier. Through the mount's eyes, he could barely see the outline of the Evil Sky Pavilion and Golden Court Mountain from that distance.

How was it possible for the Six-leaf Shan Yunzheng to be so strong? He refused to believe it!

Ba Ma's face was ghastly pale as he clenched his fists. The death of his mount was undoubtedly a heavy blow to him. Before him, the remote-control Formation darkened. He said resentfully through gritted teeth, "Evil Sky Pavilion..."

Lu Zhou landed slowly.

At this moment, Shan Yunzheng walked up to him and reverently said, "Your wonderful arrow shot has widened my horizons, Pavilion Master. If I may inquire... that arrow was..."

Lu Zhou raised a hand and cut her short.

Chapter 363 Moving Clouds

"You think you have the right to be taught by me?"

There was no falsity in that statement.

Pan Zhong chimed in, "That's right. You're not the pavilion master's disciple. Why should he teach you?"

"We don't even have the honor, and we're with the Evil Sky Pavilion," Zhou Jifeng said solemnly.

"You should be grateful that you were allowed to be here and witness the pavilion master unleash his amazing strength."

The two of them spoke with one mind.

The others were slightly distracted by this.

Lu Zhou no longer looked at Shan Yunzheng. With a hand on his back, he tossed the Falling Moon Bow.

The bow flew toward Hua Yuexing. She hastily caught it. She was slightly overwhelmed by the favor. She asked tentatively, "Pavilion Master, does this mean..." "The Falling Moon Bow is yours to begin with. I'm giving you justice. The Falling Moon Bow will be returned to its rightful owner," Lu Zhou replied. Hua Yuexing was excited when she heard this. She held the Falling Moon Bow as she fell to her knees and kowtowed at Lu Zhou. "Thank you, Pavilion Master!"

Shan Yunzheng was clearly displeased. Hua Yuexing was her disciple. The Falling Moon Bow was supposed to remain with her. She did not expect things to turn out this way. Various conflicting emotions rose in her heart, but she could not verbalize them.

Hua Yuexing carried the Falling Moon Bow and went to the side to study it. Indeed, her name was engraved on the bow.

Hua Wudao chuckled and said, "Congratulations."

"Thank you for your encouragement, Elder Hua."

"Alas, this Falling Moon Bow has acknowledged Shan Yunzheng as its owner. If you wish to unleash its full potential, it'll have to be refined again," Hua Wudao said as he looked at the bow.

An awkward expression appeared on Shan Yunzheng's face when she heard the word 'owner'. She did not dare to say anything.

Lu Zhou glanced at Shan Yunzheng and said, "I'm familiar with Yun Tianluo in the past... His shooting skills were much superior to yours."

Shan Yunzheng was shocked to hear this. Beads of sweat appeared on her forehead as she said, "I didn't know that you're familiar with the patriarch, Pavilion Master... Please forgive me on account of that, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou looked at Shan Yunzheng as he stroked his beard, "Who owns the mount, Ba Wu?"

Shan Yunzheng said, "Third Elder Lu Ping!"

"Tell him that I want to see him."

"Understood!" Shan Yunzheng was overjoyed. This meant the Evil Sky Pavilion would spare her. As for Lu Ping? She really could care less about what happened to Lu Ping. Moreover when she recalled that Lu Ping was the one who lent her the mount and nearly caused her trouble, she was incensed. For this reason, she was delighted to hear the Evil Sky Pavilion wanted to see Lu Ping,

Lu Zhou waved his sleeve. Then, Shan Yunzheng left the Evil Sky Pavilion hurriedly with her four subordinates.

After some time, Zhu Honggong came flying back while carrying the mount, Ba Wu.

Boom!

He dumped the body on the ground.

The others walked up to it.

They saw the wolf-like Ba Wu. It had purple fur, bulging eyes, and protruding fangs. It looked hideous.

"It's ugly!" Little Yuan'er cried out as she scrunched her face up into a disgusted expression. "Little Junior Sister, mounts are usually like that. There are many mounts that are uglier than this," Zhu Honggong said with a smile.

The others continued to study the mount. Although Ba Wu had died, it was every say that they encountered such a mount. This would add to their knowledge.

"Master... please make a decision." Zhu Honggong bowed and made an inviting gesture.

Lu Zhou studied Ba Wu's appearance as he stroked his beard.

Zhu Honggong said, "Master, this mount must've come from Heaven Moat Forest in the southwest. It has thick fur that can withstand the cold. I think its hide can be sold for 1,000 catties of silver, at least... These fangs, they're rare artifacts. They can be used as medicinal primers and should fetch a price of 500 catties. As for its flesh, it's not worth much. The flesh of such beasts is tough and has a strong smell."

The others regarded Zhu Honggong suspiciously. They did not know what he was talking about.

When he sensed the peculiar gazes directed toward him, Zhu Honggong scratched his head. "A force of habit... Sorry..."

Was the Evil Sky Pavilion in need of such things?

Zhu Honggong spoke again, "Master, that shot shocked the heavens and the earth. I can hear the ghosts and the gods crying as well."

"Enough." Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "Burn and bury it."

"Yes, master." Zhu Honggong conjured up his energy without a second thought. He carried the huge mount and brought it to the back of the mountain as if it weighed nothing.

Just when Lu Zhou was about to turn around and leave, Hua Yuexing bowed and said, "Pavilion Master, may I ask for a favor?"

"What is it?"

"I... I would like to learn the Meteor After the Moon."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "It's not a high-level arrow skill at all. There are better skills in the books at the western and northern pavilions. When you're at the Five-leaf stage, you may consider coming up with your own arrow skills."

When Hua Yuexing heard this, she said, "Thank you for enlightening me, Pavilion Master."

"I'll help you refine the Falling Moon Bow once I have more time." After Lu Zhou finished speaking, he returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Yuexing was slightly stunned by Lu Zhou's words.

As Hua Wudao looked at Lu Zhou's retreating back, he quickly spoke on Hua Yuexing's behalf, "Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Refining a weapon was no small feat after all.

"Congratulations."

"Felicitations."

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng cupped their fists and offered their congratulations. They were filled with envy and jealousy when they looked at the bow in Hua Yuexing's hand. They longed for the day where they could have their own weapons as well.

Duanmu Sheng knew what was going through Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng's minds. He brought his Overlord Spear down heavily on the ground. Clang! The ground cracked. "You can think about your weapons when you're in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm."

"You're right, Mister Third." Hua Wudao nodded in agreement. "Let's call it a day. Elder Leng and I don't have any weapons ourselves. Why do you insist on owning one?"

Upon hearing Hua Wudao's words, Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng felt much better. If an elder with a higher status and cultivation than them did not even have a weapon, as juniors, they should not be complaining. Moreover, the Falling Moon Bow was Hua Yuexing's weapon, to begin with. It suited her best as well.

In the pavilion.

Lu Zhou called up the system dashboard and looked at his merit points again.

Merit points: 33,200.

After thinking about it, Lu Zhou decided to try his luck with the lucky draws. If he could get the Ten Worlds avatar, it would make his day.

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Obtained Reversal Card x1."

A good start. He had some luck. However, the next ten consecutive draws resulted in 'thank you' messages. Lu Zhou looked at his luck points and muttered, "Lucky draw."

"Ding! Spent 50 merit points and 10 luck points. Obtained Reversal Card x10."

Lu Zhou frowned. Was the system in collusion with the Reversal Cards? Perhaps, the system was giving him a hint? In any case, this was better than nothing.

Lu Zhou did another 20 draws. He was amused that the attempts resulted in 'thank you' messages. He finally lost the urge to continue.

After muttering to himself for some time, Lu Zhou called up the item mall. He purchased the avatar, the Ten Worlds.

"Ding! Obtained the avatar, Ten Worlds. Spent 30,000 merit points. Equip?"

Lu Zhou did not equip it immediately. He looked at the price of the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

Hundred Tribulations Insight: 100,000.

"..." He fought the urge to curse as he checked his remaining merit points.

,600.

It was a shame that he did not get Refining Talismans from the lucky draws. It was not something that could be bought like the other item cards. If he wanted to refine the Falling Moon Bow, he would have to try again when he had better luck. He could not afford to purchase anything else with his remaining merit points. It was not even enough to buy a Deadly Strike Card.

Lu Zhou was still lamenting his poverty when...

“Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,000 merit points.”

Lu Zhou was no longer surprised by these notifications. He merely wondered which sect’s elder Yu Shangrong had targeted. He remembered the names on the list. None of them was worthy of any sympathy even if they died.

Finally, Lu Zhou said, “Equip.” Shortly after, Lu Zhou felt a new power coursed through his veins. The Nine Transformations Yin Yang avatar faded away and was replaced by the Ten Worlds avatar.

Nightfall. On the roof outside the eastern pavilion.

Pan Litian and Jiang Aijian were merrymaking over wine.

“Why didn’t you tell the Empress Dowager that you’re the Third Prince?” Pan Litian asked as he looked at the moon in the sky.

“Elder Pan, why didn’t you tell Pan Zhong that you’re his fourth progenitor?” Jiang Aijian retorted with a chuckle.

Pan Litian straightened his back immediately and said, “Heh... I asked you a question. How can you reply with another question? Wait... How did you find out about this?”

Jiang Aijian said with a smile, “That’s easy. You were once close with the Fourth Prince at the southwestern border. I’ve investigated you back then.”

“What a cunning brat.”

The two of them were enjoying the conversation when there was a surge of power in the eastern pavilion.

Jiang Aijian was relatively new in the Evil Sky Pavilion. When he saw this, he frowned. “Did someone invade the Evil Sky Pavilion?”

Pan Litian shook his head and spoke with a tone that suggested that he was used to this, “You should get used to this. The pavilion master likes to try his hand in these peculiar undertakings.”

“Is that so?”

Boom!

The accumulation of energy was completed. The eastern pavilion fell silent again.

Jiang Aijian turned around and nodded. He was just about to continue their conversation when there was another, more intense surge of power.

Boom! Boom!

It sounded much louder than the previous commotion in the eastern pavilion.

“Looks like there’s an enemy this time!” Jiang Aijian said as he scratched his head. “Looks like I’m quite popular in these parts. Even with news of my death circulating everywhere, there are still those who won’t leave me alone! What a pain!”

Chapter 364 The Attitude of a Great Sect

The surging power caught Pan Litian’s attention as well. He turned to look. He was not young and inexperienced like Jiang Aijian. His experience, knowledge, and insights were superior to Jiang Aijian. While he could not understand what caused the disturbances in the eastern pavilion, he did not doubt his own judgments about the surge of energy coming from the southern pavilion this time. He immediately said, “Miss Ninth is right. You’re quite shameless.”

Jiang Aijian touched his face and chin. Then, he said, “I don’t think so. No matter how shameless or thick one’s face is, one cannot stop the struggles of the beard.”

Pan Litian rolled his eyes. He looked at the southern pavilion. He was full of praise. “Exchange of hot and cold air, a vertical circulation, moving clouds, and a hundred layer of waves. This is the sign of the Ten Worlds avatar attempting a breakthrough to the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.”

Jiang Aijian said helplessly, “I thought someone’s trying to assassinate me again... Somebody’s having a breakthrough. Who is it?” “Could it be my dumb fourth grandson?” Pan Litian’s eyes brightened.

“You wish... Pan Zhong lives in the western pavilion, not the southern pavilion.”

Pan Litian said helplessly, “The only Evil Sky Pavilion disciple without a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar is Zhao Yue...” Jiang Aijian said with a smile, “My younger sister’s truly lucky.”

The power surge lasted for about half an hour. When it finally died down, the southern pavilion was silent again.

Pan Litian raised his wine gourd and said, “A Third Prince and an abandoned orphan of the Imperial family. I think His Highness, the Fourth Prince, is the only one who seems proper out of all the other members of Great Yan’s Imperial family. Alas, he isn’t destined to inherit the throne. His fate lies in the border.”

“It’s only natural for you to speak in his favor since he saved your life. You should’ve seen him when he was trying to flatter Liu Huan. Their arms were around each other’s shoulders,” Jiang Aijian said. “It’s all for survival... Aren’t you the same?” Pan Litian retorted.

Jiang Aijian was at a loss for words.

There was a brief moment of silence before Pan Litian said, “Indeed, His Highness, the Fourth Prince, has saved my life. I’ve served the army for decades in repayment and have killed countless enemies. In the end, I lost my cultivation base. I think the debt can be considered repaid.”

“Repaying an act of kindness. You do have some morals,” Jiang Aijian said.

The next morning. In the Evil Sky Pavilion’s eastern pavilion.

While Lu Zhou was meditating on the Heavenly Writing scroll, he heard Zhao Yue’s voice.

“Master, I haven’t let you down. I’ve entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm.”

Lu Zhou opened his eyes slowly. Then, he walked out of the eastern pavilion with his hands on his back.

Zhao Yue was clearly excited. She bowed slightly as she greeted Lu Zhou. “Master.”

Lu Zhou glanced at her. He stroked his beard, nodded, and said, “Good.”

“I heard that you were condensing the Ten Worlds avatar again last night, master. Hence, I didn’t want to disturb you,” Zhao Yue said.

“Review the old and learn the new. You can try to apply this in your cultivation as well,” Lu Zhou said with a straight face. His disciples were shockingly talented after all. Surely only good would come out of them revising what they already knew. “Yes, master.” Zhao Yue was in an exceptionally good mood.

“So you’ve understood everything about the Brilliant Jade Technique?” Lu Zhou asked. “Yes.”

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. “The Brilliant Jade Technique is about an exchange of cold and warmth, just like Yin and Yang. It suits you well.”

“I’m fortunate to have been personally instructed by you, master. I won’t be able to repay your kindness enough.” Zhao Yue bowed again.

Lu Zhou noticed that her loyalty was increasing as well. It was well over 80%. This was also attributed to what he had done recently. Moreover, he had helped heal the Empress Dowager. This much was expected.

Lu Zhou raised his right hand slightly. A dark green dagger appeared in his palm. He waved his hand, and the Sky Dagger flew toward Zhao Yue.

Zhao Yue was in a daze. When she saw the dagger flying toward her, she hastily caught it. It was icy to the touch. When she looked at it, she discovered it was a bright and exquisite dagger that was completely dark green.

“Initially, I planned to give you the Tear Stain Boxing Gloves, but considering that you’re a lady, I gave it to Old Eight instead... Although the dagger is small, it’s a good weapon. Do you have any objections to me giving you the Sky Dagger?” Lu Zhou asked. ‘If you do, I’ll just take it back.’

Zhao Yue suddenly remembered Old Eighth’s huge knuckles and his appearance of being covered in metal. She shuddered and said, “I have no objections. I like the Sky Dagger very much!”

The Tear Stain Box was too hideous.

“Good. I’ll bestow the Sky Dagger to you then. I hope that you’ll put it to good use,” Lu Zhou said.

“Thank you, master.” Zhao Yue was overjoyed as she kowtowed loudly toward Lu Zhou. After that, she did not waste any time to activate the Sky Dagger and have it acknowledge her as its owner. She was extremely excited to own the Sky Dagger. “Ding! Activated the Sky Dagger. Grade: heaven-grade. Owner: Zhao Yue. Reward: 1,000 merit points.” Lu Zhou had expected this notification as well. At the same time, he was reminded that the Tear Stain Boxing Gloves were not activated.

At this moment, a female disciple appeared. She bowed and said, "Pavilion Master, there are visitors from the Luo Sect. Mister Fourth has granted them entry up the mountain."

"Alright." Lu Zhou waved his sleeve and walked to the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

"Safe journey, master." Zhao Yue bowed. If this had been any other time, she would have followed her master to the great hall. However, the lure of the Sky Dagger was too great. She could hardly stop thinking about it.

Inside the great hall of the Evil sky Pavilion.

Apart from Zhao Yue and the elders, everyone was present. Lu Zhou sat on his throne as he looked at the people from the Luo Sect.

"Greetings, Pavilion Master."

More than ten individuals had come from the Luo Sect. Only five of them stood slightly in front of the others.

Lu Zhou looked at the young man who stood in the lead and asked, "Are you the Luo Sect's Third Elder?"

"I am." As the youngest elder in Luo Sect, it was only natural that Lu Ping was proud.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he appraised the people before him.

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng demanded coldly, "On your knees!"

Lu Ping was stunned.

The others from the Luo Sect were taken aback as well.

'Didn't Shan Yunzheng say that the pavilion master is amiable? Why are their attitudes so bad?'

"Wasn't I clear enough?" Duanmu Sheng raised his Overlord Spear and brought it down on the floor.

Clang!

Lu Ping hastily kneeled on the ground. The others followed suit as well.

Lu Ping cursed at the Second Elder, Shan Yunzheng, 100 times over in his heart. He could only cup his fists and said, "Greetings, Old Senior Ji."

Lu Zhou said, "You ordered the mount, Ba Wu, to spew poison here. According to the Evil Sky Pavilion's rules, you should've been a dead man now."

When Lu Ping heard this, he shuddered and said, "Old senior, that mount doesn't belong to me! I was tricked by someone else due to my vanity. Someone's trying to frame me with this mount!"

Naturally, Lu Zhou knew that Ba Ma was the mastermind behind this. However, he feigned ignorance.

"Shan Yunzheng was tactful enough so I spared her... You, what would you do to earn my mercy?" Lu Zhou leaned forward and looked at Lu Ping disdainfully.

The others shuddered. They were too frightened to speak. Lu Ping cupped his fists and said, "I-I... I have brought certain items as recompense!" He hastily waved his hand.

The five individuals at the back brought the items out.

There were refining cauldrons, hammers, tongs, and various precious materials such as refining stones, essential iron, prime condensing stones, and several other items.

The others could not help but look.

Jiang Aijian mused, "As expected of a great sect such as the Luo Sect. They're certainly rich. I don't think I can ever bribe the old senior in this manner."

Chapter 365 In Pursuit of the Answer to Life

Lu Zhou looked at the collection of items. Naturally, he recognized some of these items. He stroked his beard as he considered them. Lu Ping was here to offer his apology. Why did he bring these items?

Before he could ask, Lu Ping cupped his fists and said, "Old Senior Ji, these four are my most trusted helpers in the Luo Sect. They're skilled in refining weapons. I heard that Shan Yunzheng gave her Falling Moon Bow to Lady Hua Yuexing..."

Clang!

"Hold it right there!" Duanmu Sheng stepped forward with his Overlord Spear in hand and cut Lu Ping short. With his muscular build, he seemed to stir the wind as he walked.

Lu Ping grew nervous at the sight of this. He was the Luo Sect's Third Elder, but he commanded no respect in the Evil Sky Pavilion. "I have to correct your mistake... Shan Yunzheng did not give the bow to Hua Yuexing. There's no giving. The bow was returned to its original owner." Duanmu Sheng glared at Lu Ping.

"Yes, yes, yes... It was returned to Lady Hua." Lu Ping smacked his own forehead. He cursed at Shan Yunzheng 100 times in his mind again. "The Falling Moon Bow has acknowledged Shan Yunzheng as its owner. Just as well, my four brothers and I can refine the Falling Moon Bow again." Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. He thought to himself, 'Since I didn't get any Refining Talismans from the lucky draws, I might as well let them try.'

Refining weapons was a rare skill in the cultivation world. It was not strange for the Luo Sect to have such talents.

"How confident are you?" Lu Zhou asked.

"More than 60 percent," Lu Ping said proudly.

That was a high success rate. Even if it failed, all that was needed was another attempt, and the refining would succeed.

"How long?"

"10 days."

10 days was very quick, indeed. However, that was only if they had all the material needed. If not, it would be hard to complete the refining in a few months. Even the materials needed were rare, it would take even longer.

Then, Lu Ping continued to say, "I'm here to sincerely offer my apology. Please forgive me for my mistake, old senior."

Lu Zhou rose to his feet and walked down the steps. He stood beside the pile of items and asked with his hands on his back, "How did you know that witchcraft cultivator?" He picked up the essential iron and prime-gathering stone. He appraised them briefly before putting them back down. "I was in the Divine Capital 10 days ago, and I befriended him there. It's my fault for being vain and accepting the mount," Lu Ping said.

"Where's this person?" Lu Zhou asked.

"He should still be in the Divine Capital," Lu Ping said helplessly, "After the mount was lost, I couldn't get a hold of him as well."

Lu Zhou did not expect the person to still be in the Divine Capital. The Second Prince was dead. Mo Li was dead. There should be no reason for him to stay in the Divine Capital.

Lu Ping said again, "Kindly investigate this, old senior."

"I'll give you a chance... However, you must answer my question honestly," Lu Zhou said.

Lu Ping hastily bowed. "I'll tell you anything and everything I know."

"Very well." Lu Zhou paused briefly as he stood with his hands on his back before he finally asked, "Where is Yun Tianluo now?"

If it were anyone else, Lu Ping would have been infuriated by this question. However, Lu Zhou was from the same generation as the patriarch. Perhaps, Lu Zhou was the only one who would address the patriarch by his name. He answered honestly, "The patriarch has always been cultivating in seclusion."

"Is he looking for a breakthrough?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Well..." Lu Ping stammered. This was something of a secret in Luo Sect. However, when he saw Lu Zhou's stern expression, he had no choice but to answer, "Yes."

"Yun Tianluo has been at the Eight-leaf stage for a long time now. Is he not at the Nine-leaf stage yet after all this time?"

Lu Ping was shocked at the mention of the Nine-leaf stage. "There's no need for such a joke, old senior. It's extremely difficult to break through to the Nine-leaf stage..." He wanted to say that even Lu Zhou could not attain the Nine-leaf stage, let alone the patriarch. However, he did not want to offend anyone. Hence, he swallowed those words.

"How long until Yun Tianluo's great limit?" Lu Zhou asked an important question.

Yun Tianluo's lifespan had always been a mystery. Ji Tiandao was about 100 years older than Yun Tianluo. If attaining the Nine-leaf stage was indeed damaging to one's lifespan, it was highly possible that Yun Tianluo would meet his end sooner.

Lu Ping felt caught between a rock and hard place at this moment. He did not expect the Evil Sky Pavilion to inquire about these matters.

When Lu Zhou saw him hesitate, he stroked his beard and said, "I know Yun Tianluo. There's no need to worry."

Lu Ping found that he had a point.

Ji Tiandao's great limit was near as well, and he was not even nervous. Why would the Luo Sect be nervous about their patriarch? Moreover, if the Evil Sky Pavilion had intended to attack them, it would have done so ages ago. There was no reason for them to delay. "Around 30 years," Lu Ping replied.

'30 years,' Lu Zhou mused inwardly. Gong Yuandu spent about 100 years of his life and failed.

Yun Tianluo had spent about 70 years, and he was not at the Nine-leaf stage yet. In other words, at least 100 years of life was needed for a cultivator to attain the Nine-leaf stage. Unfortunately, he had too few examples to confirm his theories. Lu Zhou asked again, "So, Yun Tianluo is still cultivating in seclusion?"

"Yes."

With his hands on his back, Lu Zhou sighed and said, "The stubborn man's efforts are in vain."

'He has only 30 years left. Why would he insist on trying?' Lu Ping bowed and tentatively said, "I guess everyone at the Eight-leaf stage would give it a go... Isn't that so, old senior?"

Lu Zhou glanced at Lu Ping, causing a jolt of fear in Lu Ping's heart.

If what Lu Ping said was true, Ji Tiandao's demise back then was most probably caused by his failure while trying to attain the Nine-leaf stage. Although the battle between Ji Tiandao and the ten great elites ended in a draw, he was still injured in the process... If the ten great elites were to attack again, Ji Tiandao would have to attain the Nine-leaf stage if he wanted to survive the attack. That was the most reasonable explanation. What a shame.

Lu Zhou calmed down and said, "I'll give you a chance."

Lu Ping was overjoyed. He said at once, "Thank you, old senior. I'll certainly refine the Falling Moon Bow in ten days and revert it to its ownerless state."

"10 days won't be enough," Lu Zhou said.

"Huh?"

Jiang Aijian stepped forward with his arms crossed. He looked at Lu Ping and said, "How can you be so dumb? Ba Ma was even willing to abandon his mount to cause a conflict between Luo Sect and the Evil Sky Pavilion. If you return, he'll surely kill you along the journey."

Lu Ping was shocked. When he thought about this, he could not help but feel a chill running up his spine. He hastily said, "Thank you for reminding, comrade. Thank you, old senior!"

“Escort him out.” Lu Zhou waved his hand.

Lu Ping was momentarily stunned. Then, he ventured awkwardly, “Old-old senior...”

“What is it?”

“How... H-how long do I have to stay in the Evil Sky Pavilion before I... before I can leave?” Lu Ping had a feeling that something awful would happen to him if he stayed here for too long

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, “Come to think of it, it’s been a long time since I’ve met Yun Tianluo.”

Upon hearing this, Lu Ping started. What did Lu Zhou’s words mean? His eyes widened.

Jiang Aijian said with a smile, “You should be honored. The old senior will be protecting you during your journey back to the Luo Sect.”

“...” Lu Ping was close to tears. “There’s no need to feel nervous. I’m quite close to Yun Tianluo. If I want to cause trouble, would I have allowed Shan Yunzheng to return?” Lu Zhou asked.

Lu Ping scratched his head. That was right. He was overthinking this.

Initially, Lu Zhou did not intend to go to the Luo Sect. However, it seemed that he would have to make a personal visit to confirm the connection between the Nine-leaf stage and life. Perhaps, he could learn something important from Yun Tianluo.

The Yun Sect was the only sect out of the Three Sects that had conflicts with the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, the Yun Sect’s forces were no longer what they once were. It was a far cry from the Tian and Luo Sects. They could almost be disregarded.

Yun Tianluo only had 30 years left to live. Yet, he was still cultivating in seclusion. There was even a chance that he might tomorrow. It was better for Lu Zhou to pay him a visit as soon as he possibly could.

15 days later. In the Luo Sect.

Inside the meeting hall of the Luo Sect’s first holy land.

The elders looked at Shan Yunzheng, who did not seem to be in a good mood, and said, “There’s no need to worry, Second Elder. Lu Ping is a cautious man. There won’t be a problem during this trip.” Shan Yunzheng sighed and said, “The patriarch said that we should never make an enemy out of the Evil Sky Pavilion. When I think about that now...” She trailed off.

“Why do you seem defeated after your visit to the Evil Sky Pavilion?” The other elders laughed.

When Shan Yunzheng remembered Lu Zhou’s amazing arrow shot, she shuddered inwardly.

At this moment, a disciple appeared outside the meeting hall.

“Greetings, elders! Elder Lu has sent word that the Evil Sky Pavilion Master will be personally making a visit here!” The disciple appeared to be flustered.

“What?!” The elders rose to their feet abruptly. A frightened expression could be seen on all their faces.

Chapter 366 The Old Age Pavilion

It was almost impossible for the Luo Sect's elders to not be shocked.

Shan Yunzheng who was in disbelief said, "Bring me the letter!"

The disciple passed the letter to her.

Shan Yunzheng read the letter, her brows furrowed. When she finished reading, she passed it to the other elders.

"The Evil Sky Pavilion is an insufferable bully!"

"Isn't it enough for the Luo Sect to apologize?"

"If he's going to come, let's make sure he doesn't leave! The barriers of our holy lands aren't just for show, you know! Also... The Yun Sect has always been at odds with the Evil Sky Pavilion. Inform the Yun Sect of this matter as

well."

"The Yun Sect won't be enough. It's better to drag the Tian Sect into this as well! Our three sects share the same origins, after all. We must band together and fight back since the Evil Sky Pavilion is clearly pushing us around!"

The elders nodded and came to an agreement.

Inside the great hall of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou had already decided who to bring to the Luo Sect.

They were waiting in the great hall.

"Mingshi Yin, how's the repair of the flying chariot coming along?" Lu Zhou asked.

There were too many of them for them to travel on mounts.

Mingshi Yin stepped forward and said, "Master, the cloud-splitting chariot is completely repaired."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Elder Hua, do you have anything to say?"

After all, Hua Wudao was from the Yun Sect, which was one of the Three Sects. He would at least serve as a familiar face there. "I have no objections."

"Lu Ping." Lu Zhou looked at Lu Ping.

"Yes, senior!" Lu Ping bowed.

"How's the refining of the Falling Moon Bow coming along?" Lu Zhou asked. "In reply to your question, old senior, it's coming along smoothly." Lu Ping was skilled with refining, to begin with. Therefore, he answered proudly.

Hua Yuexing held the Falling Moon Bow and brought it to Lu Zhou. She said, "Please have a look, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou looked at the Falling Moon Bow in Hua Yuexing's hands and reached out to take it. The engraved words were clearer than before. It seemed newer and gleamed even brighter than before. He nodded and returned the bow to Hua Yuexing as he said, "Although this isn't the best heaven-grade weapon, it might change if you put it to good use."

"Thank you for the reminder, Pavilion Master," Hua Yuexing replied cheerfully. At this moment, her impression of Lu Zhou had reached a greater height. She suddenly recalled the incident in Skylark Pagoda. At that time, Jiang Aijian had suggested that she joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. She had balked at the suggestion then. In hindsight, she realized how foolish she had been.

Lu Zhou stood up, placed his hands on his back, and walked down the steps. The others followed behind him.

Considering that there was no longer a barrier around Golden Court Mountain, Lu Zhou left Bi An on the mountain to guard against rats.

On the cloud-splitting chariot.

Hua Wudao and Hua Yuexing stood on the port side, and Pan Litian and Leng Luo stood on the starboard side.

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin was manning the helm in front.

The cloud-splitting chariot left the Evil Sky Pavilion. It left a long tail in its wake like a meteor.

"Aren't we a little under-staffed?" Pan Litian leaned on the wall of the cabin as he drank some wine. He felt that they should have a larger party.

Leng Luo glanced at him and said in a raspy voice, "The Evil Sky Pavilion's no longer protected by a barrier. It's only natural to leave some people behind to guard the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Ping shuddered. He kept looking to his left and right. Throughout the time he spent in the Evil Sky Pavilion, he had only heard the names of the old seniors of the Old Age Pavilion, but he had never seen never them in person. Now that he had met them on the flying chariot, he felt insignificant and helpless. 'They're all f*cking bosses! I feel as though I have to tread on eggshells!

Pan Litian chuckled and said, "What I'm worried about is the grand shaman, Ba Ma..."

"So what if he's a grand shaman? His mount is dead. I'm sure he suffered some damage as well. It's more than enough to have Jiang Aijian, Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, Zhu Honggong, and the others guarding the Evil Sky Pavilion," Leng Luo retorted. "Duanmu Sheng is alright, but Zhao Yue and Zhu Honggong's cultivation bases leave much to be desired. Meanwhile, Jiang Aijian is a coward! Even if the grand shaman is hurt, he shouldn't be underestimated. After all, they rely on Witchcraft Formations," Pan Litian said.

"Witchcraft Formations have to be prepared beforehand. Are you blind that you'll allow him to lay a Formation under your nose? Moreover, the pavilion master's mount, Bi An, is no ordinary beast," Leng Luo said mockingly.

Their bickering was intensifying.

Lu Ping had the urge to try to calm them down. However, he did not have the courage to interrupt a conversation between the two elites. He would be done for if he accidentally offended them.

“Enough,” Lu Zhou said tonelessly. His deep voice resounded throughout the flying chariot.

Leng Luo and Pan Litian stopped arguing immediately and bowed at Lu Zhou in unison.

Lu Ping’s heart shuddered at the sight. Just how powerful was the master of the Evil Sky Pavilion Master for these two bosses to willingly submit to him?

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he took in the scenery of the mountains and rivers. He said, “Elder Leng.”

“Yes, Pavilion Master?” Leng Luo replied.

“When did you attain the Eight-leaf stage?” Lu Zhou asked.

Leng Luo gave it some thought before answering, “300 years ago, I think...”

Lu Ping’s eyes widened. He looked at his own comrades. ‘Was this a topic that the bosses discuss on a daily basis?’

“Have you never thought about attaining the Nine-leaf stage after being at the Eight-leaf stage for so long?” Lu Zhou asked again.

Leng Luo said, “I cultivate the Dao Invisibility skill. It’s difficult to reach the peak of this Daoist art. I haven’t had the chance to attempt the Nine-leaf stage yet.”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. Leng Luo had a point. One could not halfheartedly attempt to attain the Nine-leaf stage.

“What about you, Elder Pan?” Lu Zhou asked.

Pan Litian put down the wine gourd in his hands and said, “I had a chance 200 years ago. Alas, the window was too brief.”

“It was a peek through the window, not an actual window,” Leng Luo said.

“You’re right. I won’t deny that.”

Lu Zhou said casually, “In your opinion, what are the conditions required to attain the Nine-leaf stage?”

‘Nine-leaf?!’

Leng Luo said, “All I know is that the cultivator must be at the peak of the Eight-leaf stage to attempt the Nine-leaf stage. About the other conditions, I have no idea as well...”

“Me too.”

The two of them were surprisingly in agreement with each other this time around.

Hua Wudao cupped his fists. “I’m sure that nobody knows the answer better than you, Pavilion Master.”

He was right. None of the members of the Old Age Pavilion had reached Lu Zhou’s level.

Lu Zhou said, “It’s not impossible to reach the Nine-leaf stage.”

Leng Luo. "..."

Pan Litian. "..."

Hua Wudao. "..."

Mingshi Yin and Little Yuan'er were shocked. Lu Ping and the others widened their eyes as well.

The Nine-leaf stage was a taboo realm set by the heavens. Was there actually a chance?

Silence descended on the cloud-splitting chariot.

After flying for a day and a night, traveling across several thousand miles past mountains and rivers, a number of peaks finally came into sight.

Mingshi Yin said, "Master, those are the 20 peaks of Yun Tianluo..."

From their high vantage point, the 20 peaks resembled 20 huge trees that towered into the clouds. It was as if they were floating among the clouds. This was where Yun Tianluo founded his sect on the southern parts of Great Yan.

"Lu Ping, lead the way."

If they were not led by those who were familiar with the surroundings, it would be easy to get lost among the sea of clouds.

At this moment, Lu Ping was genuinely worried that he was leading a pack of wolves into a sheep's pen. The feeling intensified when he looked at personages such as Leng Luo and Pan Litian. Regardless of how powerful the Three Sects were, they would not want to make an enemy out of these people. Finally, he said as he walked to Mingshi Yin, "I'll lead the way now."

Mingshi Yin allowed Lu Ping to man the helm.

The cloud-splitting chariot flew toward the peak on which the Luo Sect was located as they passed through a series of barriers.

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

Every time they passed through a barrier, a low and deep hum would reverberate in the air. The sound rang through the headquarters of the Luo Sect on their first holy land.

The elders and disciples flocked together and looked up into the skies. Finally, they saw a huge chariot with a tail similar to a meteor passing through the barriers.

Chapter 367 The Right to Converse

The elders of the Luo Sect frowned.

"The Evil Sky Pavilion's cloud-splitting chariot?"

"Prepare to engage the enemy!"

There was a flurry of activity at once.

The disciples stared at the cloud-splitting chariot intently as though they were facing a great enemy.

“That can’t be right. How did the cloud-splitting chariot manage to get past the barriers?” Shan Yunzheng stepped forward. “It’s strange, indeed... Only core disciples know the correct route through the Formations. How did the Evil Sky Pavilion find out?”

“There’s no time to dwell on that. Are the people from the Tian and Yun Sects here yet?”

One of the disciples answered, “They’re on their way.”

The elders of the Luo Sect looked at the other holy lands. The swirling clouds obscured their visions.

The cloud-splitting chariot had already gone past the barriers and was now inside the holy lands of the Luo Sect.

Seeing this dire situation, someone raised a hand and said, “Prepare the ballistae!”

At this moment, a voice rang from the flying chariot. “I am Lu Ping. Stand down!” His voice resounded in the skies above the holy land.

The Luo Sect disciples exchanged glances. Was Elder Lu the one who led the Evil Sky Pavilion’s flying chariot here?

The other elders were puzzled as well. The letter was from Lu Ping, and the person who led the Evil Sky Pavilion here was also Lu Ping. What was the meaning of this?

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

Primal Qi wrapped around the flying chariot’s body. It changed directions and headed toward the first holy land, which was situated between the first and second peaks. It came to a halt there.

The Three Sects had 20 peaks and ten holy lands. The Yun Sect had three holy lands and six peaks. The Tian Sect also had three holy lands and six peaks. The Luo Sect had four holy lands and eight peaks.

From the quantity alone, it was easy to tell how powerful the Luo Sect was. The additional holy lands owned by the Luo Sect were collectively called the Heaven’s Virtue. It was named by all three sects and was flanked by two peaks. It was on these holy lands that the patriarch of the three sects cultivate in seclusion.

The Evil Sky Pavilion’s cloud-splitting chariot hovered in the air.

Lu Ping turned around to look. He shot Mingshi Yin an imploring look.

Mingshi Yin stepped forward and replaced him to maintain the flying chariot’s altitude. The flying chariot stopped above the first holy land.

Lu Ping was the first one to leap down to the holy land.

The Luo Sect Elders were further puzzled when they saw Lu Ping.

“Elder Lu, what’s the meaning of this?”

Lu Ping hastily gave an account of the series of events that transpired. When Shan Yunzheng heard this, she frowned and said, "The patriarch is still cultivating in seclusion. Isn't this inappropriate?"

"That's what I said." Lu Ping was helpless.

The two of them had witnessed how powerful the Evil Sky Pavilion was. They dared not behave too arrogantly.

The other elders, on the other hand, were more confident and fearless.

This was the Luo Sect's first holy land, after all. The core disciples and elders of the Luo Sect were here. They had barriers and Formations at their disposal as well. The Evil Sky Pavilion was, indeed, powerful but that did not mean they had to grovel.

One of the elders rose into the air. "I'm sorry, but the patriarch is currently occupied with his cultivation. He's not receiving any guests. I request that you return." His voice resounded across the Luo Sect's first holy land.

Lu Zhou swept his gaze across the disciples gathered on the holy land and remained silent.

Mingshi Yin got the message. With a clear voice, he said, "My master knows Senior Yun and hasn't seen him in many years. I hope you'll pass the message on before making a decision."

This was the extent of the Evil Sky Pavilion's courtesy. However, Mingshi Yin was slightly dissatisfied. If he had it his way, he would have jumped down and clobbered them until they were crying for their parents. He sighed inwardly. 'If only Second Senior Brother were here. He's more suited to dealing with pleasantries.'

Alas, the elder was persistent. "My apologies. The patriarch has given the order before he went into seclusion. He will not be receiving any guest, regardless of their identities."

"Hey! I've been polite enough! Tell your old man to come out now!" Mingshi Yin was extremely annoyed by the small talk. He could not help but revert to his usual way of speaking. His voice resounded clearly through the holy land.

Those who heard this exchanged glances.

Mingshi Yin felt much better after his outburst. 'This is how an Evil Sky Pavilion disciple should behave.' However, when he felt the peculiar way the others were looking at him, he said sheepishly as he scratched his head, "Uh... I couldn't restrain myself. There's no need to be polite with this bunch of people! Moreover, we haven't even settled the score with the Yun Sect!"

Hua Wudao gave him a thumbs-up.

Lu Zhou's expression was calm as always, and he did not say anything.

Mingshi Yin felt relieved. Silence was equivalent to approval.

The elder who was hovering in midair cupped his fists and said, "Why does the Evil Sky Pavilion act so domineeringly? The Luo Sect has repeatedly sent its members to the Evil Sky Pavilion to apologize. Isn't that enough?"

“This is a waste of time!”

Whoosh!

Mingshi Yin chucked his Separation Hook out.

With the other bosses behind him, Mingshi Yin was emboldened as he made a brazen move!

The heaven-grade weapon shot out at speed, and a burst of energy appeared!

Boom!

The elder was caught off guard. He unleashed a blast of energy and blocked the Separation Hook. He looked up with a frightful expression as he retreated.

The Separation Hook spun back toward Mingshi Yin’s hand.

With this attack, the Luo Sect disciples and elders on the holy land rose into the air at once. It appeared as though a great battle would break out at any moment.

“No, no, no...” Lu Ping looked close to tears. He frantically waved his arms to stop the others.

The Fourth Elder was displeased by Lu Ping and chided him, “Elder Lu, what are you doing?”

Lu Ping was beside himself with anxiousness. He hastily shouted, “Fools!”

The elders exchanged glances.

Lu Ping was cursing at his own people while defending outsiders? Did he lose his mind?

Lu Ping spoke earnestly, “Listen to me. The people on the flying chariot... They’re not the kind of people we can afford to cross!”

Was it that serious?

Indeed, the Luo Sect did not want to make new enemies, but they did not want to be overly subservient as well.

“The patriarch is still here. Lu Ping, don’t you dare look down on your own sect and put the opponent on a pedestal!” one of the elders said contemptuously.

At this moment, a hoarse voice rang from the flying chariot. “I think that Lu Ping is rather tactful. He’s got a keen sense.”

Leng Luo took a step forward into the air. Although his cultivation base was not completely recovered, he had no problem standing on air.

Leng Luo hovered before the flying chariot. He lowered his altitude slightly and placed his hands on his back. His black garment and silver mask made the others shiver even though it was not cold.

“Is this the Evil Sky Pavilion’s patriarch?” The disciples on the holy land were frightened.

Leng Luo chuckled and said, “You’re not worthy to speak to the pavilion master yet... Let me talk to someone who calls the shots around here.”

Lu Ping quickly made the introductions. "This man was once at the top of the blacklist 300 years ago. Leng Luo." The elders widened their eyes. When they recalled they were about the attack the group earlier, they felt chills running up their spines and their hands trembled. That was close!

A figure moved swiftly through the air from the second peak.

It passed through the barriers, the skies, the towering trees of the holy land, and was above the holy land in an instant.

Extreme speed and profound cultivation base. The person's face was obscured by a thick beard, and his eyes seemed to glow with flames.

The Luo Sect disciples looked at him and cried out, "The Grand Elder is here!"

"Greetings, Grand Elder!"

The disciples bowed.

The bearded middle-aged man in long robes was the Luo Sect's Grand Elder, Chu Nan.

Chu Nan hovered above the Luo Sect disciples.

The Luo Sect's first holy land quietened down.

Everyone's eyes were on Chu Nan now.

Chu Nan's gaze was full of vigor. He cupped his fists and said, "Luo Sect's Grand Elder Chu Nan greets Senior Leng."

Leng Luo said, "Chu Nan? It's been a century. I see that you've become the Grand Elder of the Luo Sect."

"It's but a stroke of luck. I heard of the Evil Sky Pavilion's arrival, but I didn't think I was worthy to greet the pavilion master," Chu Nan said.

"Very well," Leng Luo said curtly in his deep and raspy voice.

Chapter 368 The Old Men's Intimidation Effect

Chu Nan bowed. "You've traveled far. It's only natural for the Luo Sect to treat you with hospitality. May I be so bold as to offer my service to entertain you throughout your stay?" Naturally, he did not want to offend these people.

Leng Luo's appearance had already shocked the others.

Unfortunately, Leng Luo was like Mingshi Yin. They did not like convoluted, elaborate, and superficial pleasantries. He said in a deep voice, "I'll say this again, you have no right to speak to the pavilion master."

Chu Nan was slightly stunned. He was the Luo Sect's Grand Elder, after all. To think that Leng Luo would refuse him. "The patriarch is cultivating in seclusion. He's not receiving guests!"

As the Third Elder, Lu Ping felt that he had the right to speak up. He could not stand this any longer. He said loudly, "Grand Elder, please ask the patriarch to come out from seclusion! This is an important matter, and it's not a joke!"

Boom!

Chu Nan launched a palm seal. The palm seal was extremely fierce and quick as it shot toward Lu Ping.

Lu Ping started with a jump. He did not expect the Grand Elder to lash out at his own people. He raised his arms.

Bam!

There was a clash of energies.

Lu Ping gave a muffled grunt as he fell down. His face was ghastly pale. He was no match for the Grand Elder. This move alone had determined that the Grand Elder was superior

"Shut your mouth... Just keep your eyes peeled," Chu Nan spat. Then, he turned back to face Leng Luo with a smile on his face. "I'm sorry. The young are often ignorant of proper etiquette. That was an embarrassing display, Senior Leng." Judging by his attitude, he was keeping up a polite façade while hiding barbs in his words.

"Wow, I'm impressed," Mingshi Yin said mockingly.

Chu Nan looked at Mingshi Yin on the cloud-splitting chariot and said, "This is a conversation between seniors. Juniors have no place here." The statement was clearly filled with thorns. Not only was he reprimanding Lu Ping, but he was taking a jab at Mingshi Yin as well.

Mingshi Yin was about to launch into a fit of rage when Leng Luo raised his right arm.

Mingshi Yin calmed down and decided to see what was going to happen.

Leng Luo stepped forward and spoke with a deep voice, "You like to bully your juniors?"

"What do you mean, Elder Leng?" "When I was roaming the lands, you were still inside your mother's womb..."

Whizz!

An Eight-leaf avatar materialized.

The instant it appeared, the eight leaves on the Golden Lotus spun swiftly... This resembled a roulette spinning underwater. Energy rippled out from it like water droplets. It vanished within a breath.

Chu Nan was standing the closest to it so he took the brunt of the impact and was sent flying back. All it took was a small display of strength. A fearful expression could be seen on Chu Nan's face now.

"An Eight-leaf avatar!" "Why would Leng Luo stay in the Evil Sky Pavilion when he has such a profound cultivation base?"

The elders on the holy land could not wrap their minds around this. They were more surprised and worried than anything else. Chu Nan was only at the Seven-leaf stage, let alone the Second Elder, Shan

Yunzheng, who was only at the Six-leaf stage. They were no match for an Eight-leaf opponent. There was no need to mention the others.

With that display of strength, nobody dared to stand up against Leng Luo.

For some unknown reason, Lu Ping felt some of his indignance lessened.

Leng Luo said in a deep voice, "The Evil Sky Pavilion is only here to reminisce... Don't make me attack."

The holy land was as silent as a graveyard. The atmosphere was slightly tense and cold.

Nobody dared to step forward to face an Eight-leaf cultivator. Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

At this moment, several figures appeared in the air above the holy land. They came in small groups. Some of them were standing on their swords while others were stepping on oddly-shaped weapons. There were also those who came on the backs of beasts. Gradually, they began to fill the sky.

The newcomers were dressed in three different robes. There were long white robes and long green robes.

"The people of the Yun Sect and Tian Sect are here." Chu Nan calmed down and leveled himself with the others. "The Luo Sect's Chu Nan welcomes the elders of the Yun and Tian Sects."

The disciples with weaker cultivation bases hovered in the air and awaited their orders.

The elders of the Yun and Tian Sects walked on air. They cupped their fists at each other as a form of greeting. Then, they turned to face the Evil Sky Pavilion's cloud-splitting chariot. It

as an impressive lineup. They had the numbers after all. Clearly, the Luo Sect had made ample preparations.

Lu Zhou who was on the flying chariot did not seem worried at all. He only wanted to see Yun Tianluo. He had expected Yun Tianluo would not easily show himself. Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao were more than enough to deal with these people. There was no need for him to do anything.

The Deadly Strike Card was now sold at 3,000 merit points apiece. He had two cards in his stock. It was a losing deal no matter how he used it. He could only use the Heavenly Writing power thrice. If they were to fight to the death, the Evil Sky Pavilion would be in a pinch. After all, Leng Luo and Pan Litian's cultivation bases were not completely recovered yet. Therefore, it was best to just intimidate them.

"Yun Sect's Grand Elder, Zhao Ji offers his greetings." Zhao Ji of the Yun Sect cupped his fists.

"Yun Sect's Second Elder Sun Hong offers his greetings."

"Yun Sect's Sixth Elder... Ding... D-ding Fanqiu offers his greetings." Ding Fanqiu's confidence was clearly lacking.

Mingshi Yin waved at Ding Fanqiu. "Hey, we meet again, Ding Fanqiu! I see you've put on some weight since we last met."

Ding Fanqiu was speechless. When he recalled having impersonated Ji Tiandao at Measure Heaven River, he felt awkward, and his wizened face turned red from embarrassment. With the actual person

here, he could not bring himself to act haughtily. “Tian Sect’s Grand Elder, Fang Wenxian, offers his greetings.” An elder from the Tian Sect was here as well.

The others were all disciples. However, that was enough. With these numbers, they would not be too weak.

Moreover, the Luo Sect’s holy land was equipped with Formations and barriers. They were confident enough to engage the Evil Sky Pavilion in a discussion.

Chu Nan rose and faced Leng Luo as he said, “Please stay your anger, Senior Leng. The elders of the Yun and Tian Sects are here... The pavilion master can say whatever it is he wants to say to me.”

As soon as Chu Nan finished speaking, something flew out from the flying chariot. It was light and small.

All the elders were elite, therefore, they had exceptionally keen eyesight. They were shocked by what they saw... “A gourd?”

The ordinary-looking gourd that flew out looked shabby as it hurtled toward Chu Nan.

Chu Nan found this strange as well. He was baffled. He cursed inwardly, ‘The Fiend Path is the Fiend Path, after all. Littering on the holy land. Just look at their terrible character.’ He waved his hand as a blast of energy hit the gourd.

Swoosh!

The gourd was not repelled. It continued on its trajectory toward Chu Nan. It moved slowly as though it was a feather.

“Hm?” At this moment, Chu Nan finally felt something was amiss. He raised his hand again. This time, he did not send out a blast of energy but sent out an energy seal instead. A palm seal flew out.

Bam!

The palm seal collided with the gourd bottle. The gourd bottle started spinning and increased in speed...

‘Darn it! It’s a weapon!’ Chu Nan raised both palms and launched a series of palm seals.

“Too late.” There was a sigh from the cloud-splitting chariot.

The gourd bottle suddenly burst forth with golden radiance!

It turned into a golden gourd bottle as it dove toward Chu Nan.

Chu Nan could not react in time as he was hammered by the gourd bottle from above.

Boom!

Chu Nan took the brunt of the blow. He fell.

Bam!

He crashed onto the limestone floor. A human-shaped dent was left on the floor.

“Elder!”

“Grand Elder!”

Everyone else was shocked.

Meanwhile, Pan Litian floated out of the flying chariot. He seemed to be drunk and tired. He spoke in a clear voice, “You useless mob. Know your place... I’m not Leng Luo who only knows how to dodge.”

Burpp!

Pan Litian burped loudly and added in an equally loud voice, “My gourd bottle can be fatal.”

Chapter 369 The Patriarch

Pan Litian’s attack shocked everyone.

Even Mingshi Yin, Hua Wudao, and Little Yuan’er did not expect Pan Litian to attack so suddenly.

Pan Litian cultivated genuine Daoist cultivation methods, not escaping techniques such as the Dao Invisibility. Hence, if it came to head-on conflicts like this, his combat strength was greater than Leng Luo’s. Therefore, Leng Luo would never fight him head-on.

When Leng Luo heard the slight against himself by Pan Litian as Pan Litian attacked, he retorted, “I don’t understand how some people can take pride in bullying the weak with their weapons.”

Pan Litian laughed before he burped and said, “Well, that’s all I’ve got.”

On the Luo Sect’s holy land.

The elders hastily rushed up to Chu Nan to check on his injuries.

Several energy blasts reached Chu Nan at the same time, clearing the path. “Grand Elder!”

“Elder Chu!”

Chu Nan was lying on his back, facing the skies. His eyes were wide open. His face was red as though he had been holding his breath for a long time. After a while, it seemed like he could no longer endure it, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. His blood stained the ground, looking like the petals of red peach blossoms. After taking in a deep breath, he pointed with his right hand with great difficulties. “Y-you...”

Pan Litian seemed surprised that Chu Nan was still alive as he toyed with the gourd bottle in his hand.

Leng Luo chuckled and said, “Is that what you meant by fatal? That’s nothing.”

“My cultivation base isn’t fully recovered yet. I miscalculated...” Pan Litian said sheepishly.

The two Old Age Pavilion’s members hovered next to each other in the air. Their presence alone was enough to intimidate the elites of the Three Sects.

The elders and disciples of the Three Sects looked up at the old man who had just appeared.

Pan Litian’s hair was disheveled, and his skin was as wrinkled as an old tree bark.

‘Who’s that old man? Surely his name has to be renowned if he’s able to defeat Grand Elder Chu Nan with just a strike?’ Finally, Fang Wenxian, the Grand Elder of the Tian Sect, cupped his fists and asked,

“How should I address you, senior?” Pan Litian said lazily, “What... Who’s trying to ask for my name so he can seek revenge in the future?”

Leng Luo shook his head and said, “Pan Litian, a righteous man should never conceal his name regardless of his actions. Are you afraid?”

As soon as Leng Luo mentioned Pan Litian’s name, a wave seemed to ripple through the crowd. It was as though a pebble had been thrown into a still lake.

The elders huddled together in discussion.

Pan Litian was the strongest elite of the Clarity Sect. He had left the Clarity Sect centuries ago and had gone missing. How did he end up joining the Evil Sky Pavilion? The elders were in shock and disbelief. Naturally, they were feeling worried as well. It dawned on them that it would be impossible for them to drive the Evil Sky Pavilion with this lineup.

The Tian Sect did not seem as bothered. However, the people from the Yun Sect had grave expressions on their faces.

The Yun Sect held a grudge against the Evil Sky Pavilion after all. If the Evil Sky Pavilion decided to kill them, what were they supposed to do? Most importantly, what could they do?

Zhao Ji, the Grand Elder of the Yun Sect, finally said, “I see, so it’s Elder Pan.”

“I don’t want to waste words with you. Go and fetch your patriarch now. I’m not a patient man,” Pan Litian replied. He released his gourd bottle, and it circled around him. A faint golden energy was faintly discernible in the air.

Zhao Ji’s expression soured.

At this moment, Hua Wudao stepped forward and looked at Zhao Ji. “Zhao Ji.”

Zhao Ji frowned. “Elder Hua?”

Everyone in the Yun Sect knew that Hua Wudao had left the Yun Sect to challenge Ji Tiandao in the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Yun Sect was supportive of him in his bid to overcome his inner demons. However, it was completely out of their expectations that he would end up joining the Evil Sky Pavilion. This, naturally, outraged the people in the Yun Sect. All of them condemned him and thought he was a disgrace to the sect.

Hua Wudao looked down at Zhao Ji and said, “Tell your patriarch to show himself.”

“Hua Wudao... How could you...”

Whoosh!

Hua Wudao leaped down. As he descended, he unleashed the Nine-script Six Compatible Seal. The Eight Trigrams and nine scripts expanded outward. The golden scripts were brilliant and dazzling. He did not use it as an offensive move now. Previously, he had used it to disperse Ba Wu’s poisonous gas in the Evil Sky Pavilion. Now, he used it to intimidate the others. After all, the technique made for a majestic

display. Although he only unleashed his skill for an instant, it was enough to prove that he had a profound cultivation base.

“Nine scripts, Six Compatible Seal? Seven-leaf?” Zhao Ji’s eyes were filled with incredulity. The Luo Sect’s elders suddenly understood why they were told that they were not worthy to speak to the master of the Evil Sky Pavilion Master. Just the men that the Evil Sky Pavilion’s was leagues above the people from the Three Sects. None of the Sect Leaders of the Three Sects were here. What right did they have to talk to the Evil Sky Pavilion’s master? It was clear the absence of their sect leaders was an act of disrespect against the Evil Sky Pavilion!

Hua Wudao landed in the center of the first holy land’s plaza. He surveyed his surroundings before he said, “Go and fetch your patriarch... Don’t you think it’s embarrassing to show your petty schemes in front of several old seniors?”

The faces of the elders of the Three Sects turned red from embarrassment.

Hua Wudao was originally an elder of the Yun Sect. Although he had joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, the people of Yun Sect still respected him despite being outraged. It was ingrained into them after all. Moreover, his words made sense. Ji Tiandao, Leng Luo, Pan Litian, Hua Wudao were all experienced and knowledgeable elites. When they roamed the lands, all of them were still in their mothers’ wombs. They were just humiliating themselves by trying to use their petty schemes against these people.

At this moment, Lu Zhou who was still in the cloud-splitting chariot finally spoke. “Yun Tianluo, come out...” His voice was deep and loud.

Then, a strange thing happened. His voice rolled out in a discernible waves toward the other nine holy lands. Circles of light rippled out from the flying chariot...

The people of the Three Sects looked up. A mixture of shock, awe, and disbelief brimmed in their eyes as they looked at the soundwaves. They began to feel skeptical. Was Lu Zhou truly at the Eight-leaf stage and not higher?

Even Leng Luo and Pan Litian, who were Eight-leaf cultivators themselves, appeared shocked. They could not determine which sect this technique belonged to. The Confucian and Buddhist Sects had more powerful sound techniques while the Daoist Sects were less skilled in this area. The power behind the soundwave was not strong, in fact, it could even be considered as weak. However, the soundwaves’ penetrative force was great. They easily breached the barriers and Formation as they rippled through the mountains.

When the soundwaves finally disappeared, the entire place was deathly still. No one dared to make a sound nor move.

The elders of the Three Sects and the hundreds of disciples who hovered in the air looked at the Heaven’s Virtue. It was where their patriarch was cultivating in seclusion...

The clouds parted, the fog lifted, and the azure skies could now be seen.

The clouds and fog around Heaven’s Virtue parted as a mysterious wind blew.

Shortly after, from the middle of Heaven's Virtue, another soundwave rippled out. It was deep and powerful as well. A hint of annoyance could be heard in the tone. "Strike your mouths!"

The people of the Three Sects thought this was directed at the people of the Evil Sky Pavilion. They were about to rejoice in their hearts when they saw the Primal Qi of the soundwave suddenly condensing into energy. Palm-shaped energies struck the cheeks of everyone from the Three Sects.

"Have mercy, patriarch!"

"Have mercy, patriarch!"

The disciples of the Three Sects fell to their knees and cried out in unison.

Chapter 370 The True Gap of the Nine-leaf Stage

An old man with white hair dressed in white robes walked toward them in the air from Heaven's Virtue. He crossed several hundred feet in a single stride. With every step he took, a light circle would appear. In just a few breaths, he arrived in the air above the Luo Sect's first holy land.

The disciples of the Three Sects who were kneeling on the ground greeted the old man in unison.

"Greetings, Patriarch!"

At this moment, three other figures shot toward them in just a blink of an eye. They arrived with their grand techniques. The three figures kneeled in the air as soon as they arrived.

"Yun Sect's current master, Yun Wuji, pays homage to the patriarch."

"Tian Sect's current master, Nan Gongwei, pays homage to the patriarch."

"Luo Sect's current master, Feng Yizhi, pays homage to the patriarch." The three powerful cultivators who appeared were the Sect Leaders of the Three Sects. How could they not appear and greet the patriarch when the disciples of the Three Sects had already greeted him.

The white-clad old man with a foot-long beard who struck their cheeks from afar was the Patriarch of the Three Sects, Yun Tianluo. He was the only one worthy of speaking to Lu Zhou in the Three Sects.

Yun Tianluo waved his arm. Three energy seals shot toward Yun Wuji, Nan Gongwei, and Feng Yizhi.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

The energy seals did not miss, and the three individuals did not make any effort to dodge. They took the slaps squarely on their faces. Their cheeks burned, and a sour expression could be seen on their faces. Regardless, there was nothing they could do. Despite their high statuses, they were nothing before the patriarch.

The disciples of the Three Sects were baffled. They did not know why the patriarch would strike their faces.

Yun Tianluo did even deign to spare them a glance as he said, "How dare you delay in extending your hospitality when such esteemed guests have arrived?"

Based on this, the reason the people from the Three Sects were struck was clear now. They began to feel frightened and realized the immensity of the Evil Sky Pavilion since even the patriarch treated them so courteously.

“We’ve made a mistake!” The three sect leaders simultaneously lowered their heads, filled with regrets. Yun Tianluo stepped forward.

Upon seeing this, Leng Luo and Pan Litian cupped their fists at Yun Tianluo before moving aside to make way for him.

The gift of a foot was returned with ten feet.

Yun Tianluo raised his eyebrows and said, “Brother Ji, you’re an old man now. Why did you come here instead of staying put on your mountain?”

“Yun Tianluo, you have one foot in your coffin. If I were to come any later, you might have turned into a pile of bones.” Lu Zhou slapped on the armrests of his chair and flew out of the flying chariot. He hovered in the air with his hands on his back across Yun Tianluo.

An incredulous expression could be seen on Yun Tianluo’s face as he said with a sigh, “You look younger. I don’t think I can keep this up anymore.”

Lu Zhou kept one hand on his back as he stroked his beard with the other. “Am I not welcomed here?”

Yun Tianluo waved his hands. “I’m glad that an old friend has come to visit. I apologize on behalf of my disciples who did not know any better.” As he spoke, he bowed at Lu Zhou.

The disciples of the Three Sects were frightened by this display. They had never seen their patriarch lower his head to anyone before. Naturally, they did not dare to have any opinion about this.

“This way.” Yun Tianluo made an inviting gesture.

Lu Zhou took him up on his offer and descended. Leng Luo and Pan Litian followed closely behind him.

“Master, I want to go as well.” Little Yuan’er had been itching to go down. She felt bored staying on the flying chariot. She hastily alighted from the flying chariot and flew toward Lu Zhou.

Yun Tianluo studied Little Yuan’er for a moment before he nodded and praised her. “Great talent, great foundations... It’s rare to find someone like this.”

Little Yuan’er giggled as she flew next to Lu Zhou’s side.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “You’ve taught many disciples as well.”

Yun Tianluo laughed and candidly said, “Alas, they’re a far cry from your disciples.”

“It’s just the difference between the Noble and Fiend Paths,” Lu Zhou replied.

“I think it’s the same.”

When they landed, stone tables and benches were already set up at the center of the holy land.

The two of them sat across each other.

The others could only stand behind them at a respectful distance.

Yun Tianluo looked at Leng Luo and Pan Litian before he glanced at Hua Wudao who was standing further away. He said, "Brother Ji, what business brings you all the way here?"

The disciples of the Luo Sect served fruits and tea as Lu Zhou and Yun Tianluo spoke. When he saw this, Yun Tianluo waved his hand.

Whoosh!

The served items flew toward the faces of the Luo Sect's disciples. "Impudent!"

The Luo Sect disciples fell to their knees at once, trembling in fear.

Yun Tianluo said in a deep voice. "Please forgive this display, Brother Ji... The young ones are not aware of the customs."

At their level, food like tea and fruits were no longer fit to be served.

Lu Zhou was not a person who fussed over minor matters. He said, "No matter. I'm here to see you, and not to have you discipline your disciples." "You have a point."

"I'll cut to the chase, then."

"Fine by me." The two of them locked eyes.

The conversation between two beings of their level piqued the curiosities of the people around them. They wondered what these two people were going to talk about. What was so important that the two patriarchs had to meet face to face.

Leng Luo waved his hand. An energy shield surrounded them and separated them from the crowd.

The disciples of the Three Sects found this disappointing. They could only look from the outside. Even the Sect Leaders of the Three Sects did not treat them like this. "You have 30 years left before your great limit?" Lu Zhou asked.

Yun Tianluo sighed. "Roughly... You seem to have less time than I do, Brother Ji." Although he was cultivating in seclusion, he would occasionally hear news in the cultivation world.

Lu Zhou did not deny this. According to the rumors in the cultivation world and his actual condition, his great limit might very well be tomorrow. Therefore, he nodded and said, "That's right."

"So... you're here to look for a way to extend your limit?" Yun Tianluo asked. After he said that, he shook his head, dismissing his words. "Brother Ji, you must be joking. If you don't have an answer, how could I have an answer?"

"Are you attempting to attain the Nine-leaf stage?" Lu Zhou asked as he stroked his beard.

"I've given up." Yun Tianluo sighed. "Before my great limit, I've already lost nearly 70 years of my blood essence. Then, my cultivation base deteriorated greatly. I no longer have a chance to attempt the Nine-leaf stage."

Leng Luo and Pan Litian exchanged glances. Lu Zhou said, "Has it ever crossed your mind that attempting the Nine-leaf stage is a process that reduces your lifespan to begin with?"

Yun Tianluo frowned, but his eyes brightened. His movements seem to freeze all of a sudden. He had been fumbling in the dark alone, trying to look for an answer. He had nobody to discuss this matter with. If there were anyone under the heavens who stood a chance to attain the Nine-leaf stage, it was Ji Tiandao. He was extremely interested in Lu Zhou's opinions and insight. "Have you tried it, Brother Ji?"

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said calmly, "I have."

"My life depleted rapidly. Perhaps... I'll be buried the very next day and turn into a lump of clay. Who knows?" Lu Zhou revealed the thoughts in his mind, mocking himself.

Leng Luo and Pan Litian were shocked by this revelation. When they listened to the two old men speaking, it was as though they had been granted permission to peek through the gap of a door to a different world. However, it seemed like nothing but darkness lay behind the door at this moment.

Yun Tianluo was slightly stunned. Then, he said with a sigh, "Don't worry, Brother Ji. I'll probably follow right behind you."